

"My sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Turner. "She haint got a thing to wear."

"We'll soon fix that," said Dorris, handing her address to the tired woman. "Send her over to my house to-morrow, please."

With this she disappeared.

The next Thursday was a fine, cloudless day. The party of young ladies were at the common at exactly half-past ten.

Maude was there dressed in a neat blue muslin. She played all day as did the larger girls. She did not make a bit of trouble. And even Evelyn was glad she was there.

And when the tired child crept into her humble little bed, I do not believe there was a happier little girl in all New York that night.

A WORD BY THE WAY.

Two ladies, both well dressed and evidently belonging to the higher walks of life, were going along a city street, when one of them stopped and spoke a word or two to a dull, tired looking woman who had a fretful-looking baby on one arm and a basket on the other, in which she had a few bananas and apples, and some cheap candy for sale.

"Why, Helen," said the other lady, "what made you stop and speak to that woman? What did you say to her?"

"Oh! nothing much. It was just a word or two by the way; that was all. She looked so tired and discouraged, and I stopped to give her a few pennies and say a word or two to her."

A few minutes later the two ladies were in one of the great stores of the city, where they made some purchases, and while they waited for their change the lady who had spoken to the apple woman entered into conversation with a sales girl, and gave her half of a bunch of violets.

When the two ladies were on the street, one of them said:

"Why, Helen, how could you be so familiar with that shop girl? What were you saying to her?"

"Oh! not much of anything. It was just a word or two by the way. I thought that she looked tired and a little ill, and she said that she did have a severe headache. Did you notice how she brightened up when I gave her the violets?"

A word by the way! A kindly deed by the way! How many burdens would be lightened, how many heavy hearts would be gladdened, how much weariness would be forgotten, how smiles would take the place of frowns, how much more beautiful and how infinitely better the world would be if every man and woman, every boy and girl, lost no opportunity of speaking a kindly word or doing a good deed by the

way! Try it for a single day, and see if it is not one of the happiest days of your lives. It must be so, because it will have the mark of God's approval upon it. He takes heed of every good thing said or done in his name. It is all recorded in the book of his remembrance.—*Forward.*

WORTH REMEMBERING.

For hiccup, a small piece of ice, or a lump of sugar wet with vinegar.

For the beginning of a felon, wrapping cotton around the finger, wet in camphor gum dissolved in alcohol.

For a burn, wetting cloths in a compound of one small teaspoonful of soda in one pint equal parts of hot water and milk.

For lime in the eye, a weak solution of vinegar, followed by olive oil dropped in.

For choking, raising the right arm high. To stop bleeding, salt and flour, half and half.

For an abscess, a linseed poultice.

For torpid liver, eating a lemon, before breakfast, for a week, or drinking the juice of half a lemon, in a cup of hot water, before breakfast.

For insomnia, rubbing the flesh briskly at night, with a flesh brush.

For scalds or burns, baking soda.—*Exchange.*

FINEST TEAM IN SERVICE.

Two black horses, Harry and Babe, that drew a fire-engine in Jersey City, are said to be the finest team in the service. Harry is the more intelligent, and a truly magnificent animal, and a fire is his delight. Both horses stand untied in their stalls, which have a door in front that opens automatically whenever an alarm is turned in. The sound of a gong drives Harry frantic, and almost as soon as the door of his stall flies open when the alarm is sounded he is under the swinging harness. The other morning it was found necessary to take Harry to the blacksmith shop. As he stood there having his shoes looked to, a trolley car passed, and the motorman clanged the gong. With a snort Harry bounded backward, and snapped the chain like a bit of string, and clattered from the shop, not stopping till he had reached the engine house. The men saw him coming, and quickly swung down the chain that was across the door. The horse dashed in, turned around, and then backed himself under the swinging harness. As the men stared at him, he tossed his head and neighed impatiently, as much as to say, "Where is the fire, and why don't you hurry up?"

The Boston "Herald" remarks that Harry will have to be given the blue ribbon at his next Fourth of July celebration.—*Exchange.*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls very often carelessly hurt their mothers' feelings, whom they can never thank or repay enough for all their trouble and care in attending to them in sickness and in health.

Remember how she nursed you without ever murmuring, only praying that you might get well again.

Never seek advice from strangers; remember that your best friend is your mother, so go to her and she will tell you right. And if you have companions that mother does not approve of, do not think that she does not want you to have friends, or wish you to go out; but remember that she tries to shield you from all harm, and being more experienced than you are, knows exactly what friends are not good for you. And so always remember to revere God and honor your father and mother and your future will be bright and happy.—*Forward.*

THE GREATEST PARK IN THE WORLD.

Writing of "The Greatest Nation on Earth" in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*, William George Jordan says: "Uncle Sam set apart a royal pleasure ground in Northwestern Wyoming and called it Yellowstone National Park. To give an idea of what its size, 3312 square miles, really means, let us clear the floor of the Park and tenderly place some of the great cities of the world there, close together as children do their blocks. First put in London, then Greater New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Paris, Boston, Berlin, St. Louis, Hong Kong, San Francisco and Washington. The floor of the Park would then be but half covered. Then lift up Rhode Island carefully, so as not to spill any of its people, set it down and press in the West Indies—and even then there are two hundred square miles left. No equal area in the world has such a diversity of natural phenomena and such magnificent scenery. It is a marvelous land of stream and waterfalls, geysers and hot springs, mountains, canons, lakes and forests of primeval age."

There are times when it is both ungrateful and disloyal to God not to speak of his love and goodness, or witness for him before men in strong, unequivocal words. . . . Every human life that fails to hear its message and learn its lesson, or fails to speak it out, keeping it locked in the silence of the heart, leaves this earth a little poorer. But every life, even the lowliest, that learns of God and then speaks out its message, adds something to the world's blessing and beauty.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

A good life is sound philosophy.